JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE

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FRIEDMAN, VELLUTO, ALBRECHT & JONES

# JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE™

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## BLITZED... BY THE ARYAN BRIGADE!

SAL & JEFF

SO HERE WE ARE, IN A MOUNTAIN CAMP FULL OF WHITE SUPREMACISTS...

...HOPING TO FIND AND NEUTRALIZE A VIRUS THAT'S DESIGNED TO WIPE OUT EVERY NON-ARYAN PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES AND MAYBE THE WORLD...

...A CRACK SQUAD HAND-PICKED FOR OUR ABILITY TO BLEND IN WITH THESE BIGOTS. AND NO SOONER DO WE SET FOOT IN THIS PLACE THAN...

...WELL, THAN THIS!

YOU ARE PETE CANNON, RIGHT?

DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OLD PAL, STEVE MAHLER!

# The Purification PLAGUE

## PART TWO: CHILDREN OF IGNORANCE

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STEVE MAHLER? FROM COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY?

IN THE FLESH, OLD BUDDY. IT'S BEEN A WHILE, EH?

I'LL SAY. SIX YEARS IF IT'S A DAY!

AND THEY HAVEN'T HAD A BETTER COUPLE OF ARCHAEOLOGY PROFESSORS AT THAT SCHOOL SINCE, I CAN TELL YOU THAT.

FUNNY THING, THOUGH... I NEVER SUSPECTED IN THOSE DAYS THAT YOU WERE INTO ARYAN PRIDE.

OH... THAT. WELL, I GUESS I WASN'T IN THOSE DAYS. OF COURSE, I'VE WISED UP A BIT SINCE THEN.

HAVEN'T WE ALL? LISTEN, PETE--YOU'RE INVITED TO DINNER AT MY CAMPFIRE. AND I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER, HEAR? SAY, AROUND SEVEN?

ER.. SURE. WHY NOT?

A FRIEND OF YOURS, I TAKE IT?

HE USED TO BE-- THOUGH THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I'D EVER HAVE EXPECTED TO BUMP INTO HIM.

I WAS A VISITING PROFESSOR. STEVE WAS TRYING TO MAKE TENURE. HE WAS GOOD COMPANY-- BRIGHT, WITTY, EASY TO GET ALONG WITH. SO HOW DID HE GET MIXED UP WITH THIS SUPREMACIST MOVEMENT?

DON'T BE NAIVE. THERE'S A LOT MORE RACE HATRED IN THIS WORLD THAN PEOPLE WANT TO BELIEVE.

TRUST ME. I KNOW.

BEING A GYPSY HASN'T HISTORICALLY BEEN MUCH FUN, YOU KNOW. MY FAMILY CAME OVER FROM ROMANIA NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO FLEE FROM PREJUDICE IN EUROPE.

WITH THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE SOVIET STATE AND THE MERGING OF THE GERMANIES, ANTI-GYPSY SENTIMENT IS MORE RAMPANT THAN EVER. OR AT LEAST, PEOPLE ARE MORE OBVIOUS ABOUT IT NOW.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE A REAL GYPSY? I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST YOUR CODE NAME.

I'M REAL, ALL RIGHT-- AND IF THESE SUPREMACISTS GET THEIR WAY, I'LL HAVE TO RUN FROM PERSECUTION THE WAY MY GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-PARENTS DID.

EXCEPT I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'LL RUN TO THIS TIME.

YOU KNOW, I GREW UP IN NEBRASKA. NOT FAR FROM HERE, IN FACT.

THE PEOPLE HERE LOOK AND TALK JUST LIKE THE PEOPLE IN MY HOME TOWN. IT MAKES ME WONDER, YOU KNOW?

I MEAN... IF THESE FOLKS COULD BE HATEMONGERS... ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS MIGHT'VE BEEN A HATEMONGER TOO, RIGHT?

THE FIRST TIME I SAW THIS SORT OF THING WAS FORTY YEARS AGO, IN ALABAMA. IT MADE MY SKIN CRAWL THEN. IT MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL NOW.

I'LL TELL YOU... THAT'S ONE MYSTERY I'M NOT SO EAGER TO SOLVE.

THE MORE MANKIND CHANGES... THE MORE IT REMAINS THE SAME.

FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I DON'T GET IT.

I JUST DON'T.

HOW CAN THESE PEOPLE ADOPT THE PHILOSOPHIES AND SYMBOLS OF THE THIRD REICH...

...AFTER AMERICAN SOLDIERS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO OPPOSE THEM?

MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL, I CAN TELL YOU THAT. JUST LIKE IT MADE MY BLOOD BOIL TO SEE THOSE KLAN-TYPES PARADING OUTSIDE MY SON'S HOSPITAL NOT SO LONG AGO.

COME ON, REX. THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR SIGHTSEEING LATER ON. WE'VE GOT TO SET UP CAMP.

UH-HUH.

I JUST WONDER HOW LONG I CAN KEEP UP THIS DISGUISE WITHOUT LOSING IT.

MAYBE I'M NOT THE ONE THEY SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT ON THIS MISSION. MAYBE I'M TOO EMOTIONALLY--

...FIRES ON THE AFRICAN VELDT...

--WAIT. THAT TREE. IT'S GOING TO FALL...

...RIGHT ON THAT LITTLE GIRL!

IF I TRY TO SAVE HER-- I COULD BE SEEN-- AND COMPROMISE THE WHOLE MISSION.

BUT IF I DON'T...

...ARE RAGING...

...OUT OF...

...CONTROL!

TUDD!

SHOOK!

WOOSSH!

I'M GLAD YOU SAW THAT IN TIME.

SO AM I-- EVEN IF IT MEANS I CAN'T USE MY HOURMAN ABILITIES FOR ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S MY DOLLY?

IT'S OKAY, BABY... IT'S OKAY. DADDY'S GOT YOU NOW.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT'S THIS LITTLE GIRL, GOLDEN EAGLE. SHE WAS RESCUED FROM A FALLING TREE BY SOME KIND OF WIND.

SOME KIND OF WIND, EH? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED, HONEY?

I'M... I'M NOT SURE. BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS AWFUL FAST.

CAN I HAVE MY DOLLY NOW?

SURE YOU CAN. YOU BE CAREFUL NOW, HEAR?

YESSIR.

THUD!

GOLDEN EAGLE? HOW'S IT GOING OUT THERE?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK, MY LEADER. A LITTLE GIRL WAS JUST SAVED FROM A FALLING TREE... BY THE WIND. ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY SHE TOLD IT.

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT THERE'S A META-HUMAN AMONG US--ONE WHO'S NOT PART OF THE ARYAN BRIGADE?

"THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING ALL RIGHT."

"IN THAT CASE YOU'LL HAVE TO BE EXTRA CAREFUL FROM NOW ON. AFTER ALL..."

"EVERYTHING'S ALMOST IN PLACE. WE DON'T WANT ANY UNINVITED GUESTS MESSING THINGS UP."

PETE...RIGHT ON TIME. AND I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT A COUPLE OF FRIENDS.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND...

HELL NO, BUDDY. THE MORE THE MERRIER.

DAN FIEDLER. AND THIS IS MY LADY, TINA BYRD.

NICE TO MEET YOU.

TRUTH IS, I NEEDED SOME MORAL SUPPORT. AS WELL AS STEVE AND I USED TO KNOW EACH OTHER, I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT SLIP UP AND GIVE US AWAY.

...GEE, STEVE... WHO WOULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D MARRY SOMEONE THIS PRETTY.

OH, NO YOU DON'T, MISTER CANNON. I'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT THAT SILVER TONGUE OF YOURS.

HOPE YOU ALL LIKE BEANS. MIND YOU, I DON'T--BUT BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

WHAT STEVE'S SAYING IS, IT HASN'T ALL BEEN PEACHES AND CREAM THESE LAST FEW YEARS. WE'VE HAD TO MAKE DO WITH MUCH LESS THAN WE'D HAVE LIKED

YOU SEE, I LOST MY JOB AT COLUMBIA A LITTLE BIT AFTER YOU LEFT. THEY TOLD ME IT WAS THE *ECONOMY*. EVERY DEPARTMENT HAD TO CUT UNTENURED PERSONNEL--AND ARCHAEOLOGY WAS NO EXCEPTION.

I BELIEVED THEM... AT THE TIME.

I WENT SOMEPLACE *ELSE*, BUT I LOST *THAT* JOB TOO. GOT *HIRED* AGAIN, GOT CUT AGAIN. SAME STORY OVER AND *OVER*--AND I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HECK WAS *WRONG*.

AFTER A WHILE, I BEGAN TO GET *ANGRY*. AND THE ANGRIER I GOT, THE MORE I BEGAN TO LOOK FOR *ANSWERS*.

THAT'S WHEN A *FRIEND* OF MINE INVITED ME TO A MEETING OF *ARYAN NATION*. AND SUDDENLY, ALL THE *ANSWERS* WERE RIGHT THERE IN *FRONT* OF ME.

THE *LEADER* SHOWED ME WHY I HAD NO JOB. IT WAS BECAUSE THEY'D ALL BEEN HANDED TO ONE *MINORITY* OR ANOTHER.

IMAGINE... THOSE PEOPLE WORKING WHILE *WHITE* AMERICANS *STARVED*.

THE *LEADER* TOLD ME ABOUT THE ONES WHO CONTROLLED BUSINESS AND *GOVERNMENT* IN THE UNITED STATES... AND ALL THE *FOREIGNERS* WHO WERE SCOOPING UP *GROCERY* STORES WHEN THEIR *WHITE* OWNERS WENT *BANKRUPT*.

AND BEFORE LONG, I SAW THE LIGHT. I REALIZED THAT FOR AMERICA TO BECOME GREAT AGAIN, IT HAD TO BE RESTORED TO THE RACE THAT *MADE* IT GREAT.

THE *ARYAN* RACE.

HOW ABOUT YOU, PETE? HOW DID IT HAPPEN FOR YOU?

ME? UH... MORE OR LESS THE SAME WAY, I GUESS.

DON'T MIND PETER. HE ALWAYS GETS A LITTLE *SELF-CONSCIOUS* WHEN HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE *MOVEMENT*.

*SPEAKING* OF WHICH... I'VE HEARD THE *LEADER'S* GOT SOME MIGHTY BIG *DOINGS* PLANNED FOR THIS MEETING.

ANY IDEA WHAT THEY *ARE*?

CAN'T SAY I DO, DAN.

ENOUGH OF THIS *MAN-TALK*. WHO WANTS SOME GOOD OLD *AMERICAN* BAKED BEANS?

"YOU HAVE A VISITOR, MISTER MARTIN."

"A VISITOR? DOES HE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?"

"NO, SIR."

TAP TAP TAP

DO WE KNOW HIM?

I DON'T BELIEVE SO, NO. BUT WE DO SEEM TO HAVE A FILE ON HIM. AND HE'S LISTED AS A...WELL, AS AN ADVERSARY.

AN ADVERSARY? YOU MEAN ONE OF THOSE VILLAINS THE JUSTICE LEAGUE APPEARS TO ATTRACT?

SCRATCH SCRATCH

TECHNICALLY, SIR...YES. THOUGH HE HARDLY LOOKS THE PART ANYMORE. I'VE SEEN MORE EVIL EXPRESSIONS ON A TEDDY BEAR.

THOMAS OSCAR MORROW

OH, LOVELY. NOW FORMER VILLAINS ARE LINING UP TO SEE ME. NEXT IT'LL BE ONE OF THOSE TWO-HEADED RABBITS THEY FOUND IN SIBERIA THE OTHER DAY.

AM.H

FIUU FIUU

SHALL I TELL HIM YOU'RE BUSY TODAY?

TELL HIM ANYTHING YOU WANT. JUST SEE TO IT THAT HE'S GONE BEFORE THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR ARRIVES.

UH-HUH.

I'M...SORRY, MISTER MORROW. MISTER MARTIN IS A LITTLE HARRIED TODAY. BUT IF YOU'D CARE TO LEAVE A MESSAGE, I CAN SEE THAT HE GETS IT.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE HIM ANYWAY...

...AND MAKE SURE YOU HAVE SOMEONE LOOK AT THAT ANKLE.

ANKLE? I DON'T THINK I QUITE UNDERSTAND.

H. MARTIN PhD

IT'S ALL HERE IN THE BOOK. EVERY-THING--EVEN THE MANNER OF MY OWN DEATH.

ER... OF COURSE IT IS.

HAVE A PLEASANT DAY.

MARTIN PhD.

THANK YOU, BUT I WON'T. IN FACT, VERY FEW OF US WILL.

AND FEWER ALL THE TIME.

WHAT A CRAZOID! THE WAY HE CLUTCHED THAT BOOK, YOU'D THINK IT WAS THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD.

YEOWW!

MY GOD... HE KNEW.

SOME TIME LATER...

HOW COULD STEVE AND HIS WIFE BE SUPREMACISTS? THEY'RE SO DAMNED NICE.

THEY'RE NOT NECESSARILY EVIL, PETER. JUST BADLY MISGUIDED.

PEOPLE GET FRUSTRATED WITH THEIR LOT IN LIFE AND FIND IT EASIER TO BLAME SOMEONE ELSE THAN TO TRY TO IMPROVE IT.

SO WHEN THEY'RE OFFERED A SCAPEGOAT, THEY COME TO BELIEVE IN IT.

AT FIRST, THEIR ONLY CRIME MAY BE A FAILURE TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES. THE PROBLEM IS THAT OFTEN LEADS TO MUCH BIGGER CRIMES.

YOUR FRIEND STEVE MAY STILL BE SALVAGEABLE, IT'S HARD TO TELL-- EVEN FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME, WHO CAN READ A MAN'S THOUGHTS. BUT WE'RE NOT HERE TO PROVIDE THESE PEOPLE WITH AN EDUCATION... WE'RE HERE TO STOP THEM FROM DISSEMINATING THEIR VIRUS.

WHAT HO, COMRADES. HOW WAS DINNER?

NOT SO GOOD. WE DIDN'T FIND OUT A THING.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

OUR LUCK WAS A LITTLE BETTER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE NEWS IS ANYTHING BUT GOOD.

"WE FOUND A COUPLE OF THOSE ARYAN BRIGADE TYPES HOLDING AN INFORMAL CONFERENCE NOT FAR FROM HERE. OF COURSE, THEY WEREN'T SPEAKING LOUDLY ENOUGH FOR US TO EAVESDROP.

"SO WE GOT A LITTLE CLOSER TO THEM. WELL, GYPSY AND I DID. REX STILL HADN'T HAD ENOUGH TIME TO RENEW HIS POWERS.

"IT SEEMS REX'S RESCUE OF THAT LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T GO UNNOTICED. THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THIS BUNCH BELIEVES IT WAS A META-HUMAN SPY WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

"AS A RESULT, HE'S STEPPED UP THE RELEASE OF THE VIRUS TO TOMORROW NIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE THE HIGH-LIGHT OF THEIR HATE-MONGERING RALLY."

CRAK

SORRY ABOUT THAT. I JUST COULDN'T LET THAT GIRL DIE.

DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT. GIVEN THE SAME SITUATION, ANY ONE OF US WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING.

TOMORROW NIGHT, EH? WE'LL JUST HAVE TO STEP UP OUR SCHEDULE AS WELL...

"COLTRANE TELLS ME THAT TOMORROW MAY BE TOO SOON TO LAUNCH THE ROCKET THAT WILL SPREAD THE FOREIGNER VIRUS THROUGHOUT THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE."

BUT WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF META-HUMAN INFILTRATORS, WE CANNOT DELAY ANY LONGER. WE CAN'T LET ANYONE JEOPARDIZE OUR FINAL VICTORY.

GREAT POWERS SUPPORT US. POWERS EVEN GREATER THAN THE VOLCANOES ERUPTING IN MEXICO, OR THE TIDAL WAVES THAT HAVE BEEN RAVAGING THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA.

POWERS THAT GAVE US OUR FINANCIAL RESOURCES-- AND RECRUITED OUR META-HUMAN ALLIES. WE DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THEM, DO WE?

YOU SEE THAT--DON'T YOU, FATHER? YOU SEE THAT WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO MOVE UP THE LAUNCH TIME.

YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT I HAD TO BE STRONG. AND BEING STRONG MEANS MAKING THE TOUGH DECISIONS.

THEN WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY? WHY ARE YOU TAKING OUT THE STRAP?

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG, FATHER. AT LEAST, I DIDN'T MEAN TO.

IF ONLY JUST ONCE YOU'D APPROVE OF SOMETHING I DID. IF ONLY YOU'D TELL ME YOU'RE PROUD OF ME...

...THEN MAYBE I COULD SLEEP AT NIGHT.

"MAYBE I COULD FINALLY SLEEP..."

...WHERE ONE POOR WOMAN REPORTS A PESTILENCE AMONG HER CATTLE, THE LIKES OF WHICH--

CLICK

WHO IS IT? WHO'S THERE?

IT'S JUST ME, BRADY. STEVE MAHLER.

STEVE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS HOUR? JUST 'COS I GOTTA STAY UP TILL ALL HOURS DOESN'T MEAN MY BUDDIES HAVE GOTTA STAY UP TOO.

WHAT'S UP?

TROUBLE SLEEPIN', NORM. GOT SOMETHING ON MY MIND. COULDJA MAYBE CHECK IT FOR ME?

SURE. WHAT DO YA NEED ME TO CHECK?

YOUR LIST. A FRIEND OF MINE--NAME OF PETER CANNON--CAME IN THIS AFTERNOON. HE WAS WITH A GUY NAMED DAN FIEDLER, I BELIEVE.

WE GOT EVERYBODY'S NAME WRITTEN DOWN, STEVE. THOSE ARE ORDERS.

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU GOT HIS NAME WRITTEN DOWN.

FUNNY THING, THOUGH. I RECALL THAT FIEDLER BUNCH. HAD A COUPLE OF NICE-LOOKING WOMEN IN IT. BUT THE NAME PETER CANNON DON'T RING A BELL.

NOPE. NO PETER CANNON. WELL, ISN'T THAT STRANGE?

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D ALMOST THINK HE GAVE YOU SOME KIND OF PSEUDONYM. LIKE HE WAS A SPY OR SOMETHING.

PETE WAS TALKING A LITTLE FUNNY TONIGHT--LIKE HE WASN'T ALL THAT EXCITED ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE IN PINE HEIGHTS.

MAYBE NOW I KNOW WHY.

SOMETIMES, WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN SEE THEM AGAIN. I CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES.

NOT AS THEY WERE AT THE LAST... BUT ALIVE. WHOLE. HAPPY.

THEY WERE MY WIFE AND MY DAUGHTER. AND THEY WERE KILLED BY A PLAGUE.

NOT CREATED PURPOSELY, LIKE THIS ONE--BUT A PLAGUE NONETHELESS.

WHAT HAPPENED ON MARS WAS HORRIBLE. UNTHINKABLE. I CANNOT LET THAT HAPPEN HERE. I CAN-NOT--

WAKE UP AND GO TO SLEEP, GREEN SKIN!

KRUNK

J'ONN?

J'ONN!

WHAT THE--?

GET UP, J'ONN! WE NEED YOU!

BACK OFF IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, LADY! YOU MESS WITH ONE ARYAN, YOU MESS WITH US ALL!

YOU! THE ONE THEY CALL HEATMONGER!

IT'S NICE TO BE RECOGNIZED, DEARIE. AND NOW THAT I'VE CRISPED YOUR CLOTHES, I RECOGNIZE YOU TOO!

WANT ONE OF MY BEAUTY SECRETS, FREE OF CHARGE? ALWAYS USE A MOISTURIZER...

...THIS MOUNTAIN AIR REALLY DRIES YOU OUT!

DON'T LOOK NOW, LADY--BUT YOU JUST BOUGHT MORE HEAT THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!

I CAN HOLD THESE TWO VIA TELEKINESIS--FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY. BUT WHERE ARE THEIR PARTNERS?

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE!

UNNGH!

I GUESS IT'S HARD TO CONCENTRATE WHEN A REAL AMERICAN'S TATTOOING YOUR--HUH?

WHACK

...NOBODY PUMMELS MY PAL THUNDERBOLT WITHOUT ME PULLING A FEW OF HIS PINFEATHERS!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OF THAT, TWEETYBIRD. I DON'T CARE WHAT COLOR EGG YOU CRAWLED OUT OF...

KRAK

SAVE YOUR TAUNTS, ERASERHEAD. IF ANYBODY'S GOING TO TAKE A WHIPPING, IT'S YOU!

WHOK

BUT WHY PROLONG THE AGONY? SWEET DREAMS, STRETCH-MARK!

WHAT? BUT HOW...?

NOT SO FAST, PAL. THERE'S A LOT MORE OF ME WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

IT'S ONLY AN *ILLUSION*, BACKLASH--PROJECTED BY THE ONE THEY CALL *GYPSY*. UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, BLIND FAITH CAN SEE *THROUGH* HER ILLUSIONS.

THE *REAL* ELONGATED MAN IS AS *UNCONSCIOUS* AS YOU THOUGHT...

...AND BEFORE LONG, SHE WILL JOIN HIM.

NO, YOU *DON'T!* I'LL--

TOO LATE, GYPSY. YOU'RE FAST--BUT GOLDEN EAGLE'S *FASTER!*

THUNK

THE *ALIEN!* HE'S *FREE!*

HAVE NO FEAR, COMRADE. INFERIOR AS HE *IS*, HE STILL HAS A *MIND*.

AND THAT MAKES HIM... *MINE!*

YES!

KRAK

NOT BAD FOR A BLIND WOMAN.

THANK YOU, GOLDEN EAGLE!

BUT ONCE WE WERE *ALERTED* THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING *SUSPICIOUS* ABOUT THESE PEOPLE, THE REST WAS CHILD'S PLAY...

...FROM THE FIRST *MOMENT* I REACHED INTO THE MARTIAN'S *MIND* TO CONFIRM *OUR SUSPICIONS*... TO HIS INEVITABLE *DOWNFALL*.

WAIT A MINUTE... THERE WAS *ANOTHER* ONE! AN *OLD MAN*!

IRON CROSS IS *RIGHT*! HE'S GOT TO BE HERE *SOMEWHERE*!

NEVER *MIND* HIM. HE'S *OLD*... HOW MUCH *TROUBLE* CAN HE *BE*?

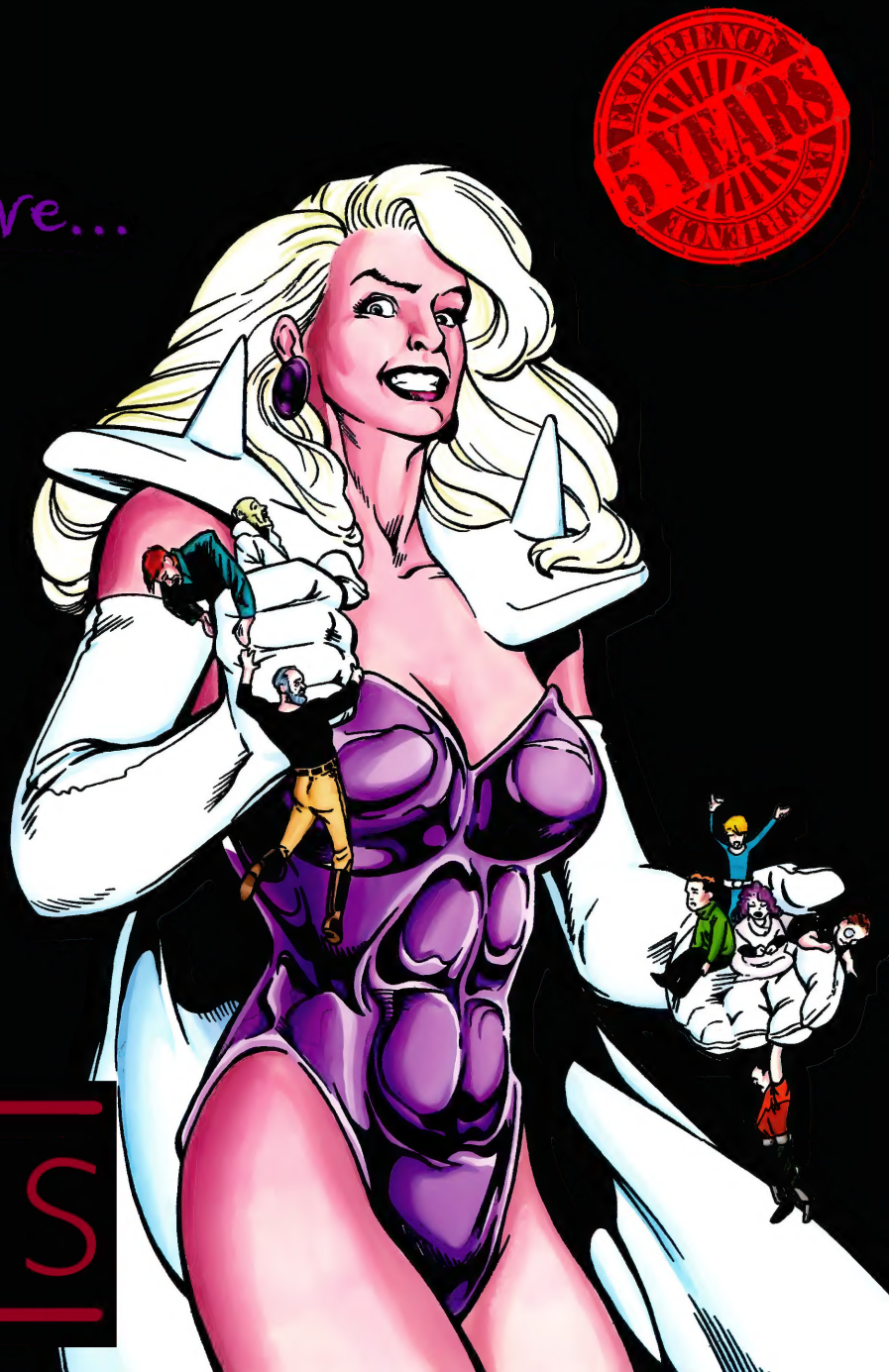
RUNNING FROM A FIGHT GOES AGAINST MY *GRAIN*—BUT WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? WITHOUT MY *HOURMAN* POWERS, I WOULDN'T HAVE SLOWED THOSE NAZIS DOWN FOR A *MINUTE*.

IF ONE OF US HAD TO GET AWAY, IT WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER IF IT WAS J'ONN--OR EVEN PETER. UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS *ME*.

THE *QUESTION* IS...AM I STILL GOOD ENOUGH TO GO IT *ALONE*?

TO BE CONTINUED

*From Baaldur, with love...*




# GLORITH

# novus